THE HYGIENE OF HAPPINESS

Shirley Dare Lectures on the Necessity of Laying Out Life for Comfort.

She Tells How to Be Comfortable and Happy-Danger of Unnecessary Self-Denial, and Advice as to Proper Methods of Life.

Written for the Sunday Journal. No doubt between thirty-five and fortyfive we learn more than in the generation we lived before. Between forty and fortyfive we accomplish more probably than in the score of working years which precede that time. Alas, that when the machine runs at its surest and smoothest we awaken to its possibility of wearing out, and have perforce to learn the last and wisest lesson of usefulness, how to rest and take care of ourselves. We have made attempts and pretenses at rest before, which consisted in changing one pleasing toil for another, racing through Europe or the Pacific tour, or spending summer at a seaside hotel or the Thousand Isles, which is very much like going to a Dutch dance for a night's re-

In the forties, just half way through life, with its ripest and best before us, we are compelled to learn to recruit in earnest. We have spent much more than half our vital force in half our lives. There are but two alternatives, to go on as others do, keeping ourselves up to the mark by mental and physical stimulants, to feel our energies die out as miscrably as most, or to study the real wants of the human machine, to keep it in good working order to

A few accomplish this in every age, not seldom against untoward circumstances, and the result is so enviable that it is a wonder the race does not make it a prime study to learn how to live. The art is very little understood, and those who think they know it best are signally wanting. The people who live by rule lay life out on too narrow lines; they think entirely of the oiling, and cleaning, and polishing of the machine, not of the lace-work or the finely pills, and powders, and "treatments" of some sort and testing their effect, they lose

efficiency for anything else. If you and I could go back to twenty years again don't you think we would lay our lives out differently? Instead of romance and sentiment we would have paid more attention to physiology, read fewer two-volume novels at a sitting, sat up fewer nights talking till 2 o'clock and routed a host of melancholy moods and nervous symptoms by discovering that ont-door work half the time was the one thing indispensable for nervous muscular people. WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Instead of worrying about questions of love and whether the attraction of the moment was the life-long destiny or not, we would have kept crude susceptibilities well in hand, secure that years would render them no less keen, but vastly more vibrant, possessing and inspiring. We would not have taken failures to heart in such prostrating fashion, foreseeing that men outlive many failures in a life and many burnt fingers, and we should quit worrying about the universe and trying to shoulder its woes much sooner than we did, and have attended strictly to our own affairs till we had the mastery of them before undertaking much for those of others. Still forty is not too old to begin over again with health or the capacity for regaining health. Nature is very much kinder than we think, and often offers us terms of re-lief we are too blind or too despairing to

She says softly, "There are a thousand years to be lived for every one you have lost, in which the memory of mistakes however dreadful can be overlaid by so much that is blessed and happy that no mortal mind can have room for the failures. There is health for the distempers which you suffor. You can outlive this chronic inflammation, this ulcerated lung, this tumor, this prostration. The world will look very different to you then. You can begin to do the things you have left undone, especially in matters of sleep, rest and diet, and omit the things you ought not to have done, and there will be new health in you."

Settle it in your mind that you will be well if you have to study out your own case and read much medicine yourself to learn how to do without it. At midlife health and happiness are exchangeable terms. You are well and failures do not crush, for you can work out success again. You are well, and untoward things do not chafe and gall beyond endurance, and black thoughts do not close down over your mind. It is a great relief when one learns to say to one's self: "Things look hopeless this morning: I will wait and see how they-seem after breakfast," when somehow they turn bearable after all, or you see a way out which escaped a famished brain. Affairs are apt to look very dismal to people who lie awake nights, when memories grow heart-breaking, the future unbearable, and it is a very ray from heaven which says to the overburdened spirit, "Wait till you have had sleep. You will find God not so unheeding of you, life not so merciless after all."

And it is a fact that after middle age few troubles are, unbearable, provided we can have right food and plenty of sleep.

ABOUT THE FOOD. If the food is all right the sleep comes, except in cases of great mental strain, like a sea captain watching through an Atlantic storm for days and nights, or the watch in mortal sickness which, thank God, comes but once or twice in a life. With sound nourishment grief and strain act as soporifics, sending the system into the heavy sleep. which is its sole relief. You will never guess what weight it takes off the wheels of life to have light, sound nutrition till some good doctor takes you in hand and shows you perforce. It is as if an iron ball were unchained from your ankle and you were suddenly made twenty years younger. That is, as long as you observe the strict and very palatable diet. When you swerve from it. you discover in all sadness that you are not twenty and able to eat ordinary fare with unconsciousness of effects. You recall that best saying of Colonel Ingersoll, asking at a hotel if they had good butter-he had been wayfaring-and getting the landlord's cautious answer that "it was tolerably good butter," the Colonel shouting.
"Tolerable butter! I'd as lief have a tolerably virtuous wife." No tolerable food will do for you in any description. It must be perfect in essentials, and if any one thinks this is an easy matter to attain let bim try it. Still, it is worth the pains

and the money. With clean air and good food tuberculosis and tumors will disappear and grip give over its hold. Sometimes good food means plenty of roast beef and vegetables, in other cases nothing more than a cup of clam broth and alcracker, but it must be what the system can absorb without taxing its nerve forces. In all cases it must be perfectly

fresh, unchanged and unfermentable. The next ingredient indispensable in the hygiene of happiness is sleep, and those who suffer from wakefulness will agree with me that of all rubbish in the name of advice the greatest is talked about going to sleep. "Lie perfectly still," says the Mentor, "Do not move even a finger, this will save unnecessary expense of nerve force," when the trouble nine times in ten is that the overwrought nerves need to balance their strain by muscular exertion and the tossing relieves tension just as a laugh or a cry

"You have overworked, and time and again forced the unwilling body to labor from which it shrank," says Menter, "so now we can meet and conquer only by force of will. Do not complain nor hesitate to use your will to keep yourself berfectly quiet." All right, only for the unwilling body forced to labor, read brain, for the overworked body is usually only too willing to o sizep when it has the chance, as mothers with sick babies fall asleep after walking the floor with them night and day, and wornout soldiers sleep while walking. It is overwrought brain with too little muscular exercise which brings on sleeplessness, especially with indigestion to aid the demoniac work.

of distraction. There is just fas much will power in getting up and taking a warm bath to rest both muscles and brain, with a good rubbing down and a warm, clean bed to get into after, or a cool, clean one, according to the season.

REST YOUR NERVES.

If you fall sleepless in town these warm nights don't put your taxed serves in irons by forcing yourself to lie still without moving a finger till you sleep, for you may go delirious before. Your nerves are stronger than you, and they may jump on you some time when you little expect it. Get out of bed, dress, if the bath doesn't make you sleepy, and take the elevated to South ferry and cross over to Staten island and back. An hour of pure sea breeze and gentle motion will do more to calm your nerves and get them under control than chloral or any amount of "will power."

If the trouble lies with digestion, draught of plain hot soda may set it right, or a laxative, like compound licorice powder. If nourishment is needed, a cup of hot cocos or chocolate, with a coarse cracker or two, is a good sleeping draught; or a fresh egg, broken and stirred into a half cup of bouillon, such as you can buy for 50 cents a bottle, and make with cold water. The liquid foods, when fresh and good, answer admirably as nightcaps, with the advantage of being easy to take, but they are either very good or very bad-very good when perfectly fresh, kept very cold and free from the slightest change; very dangerous when change begins. The fresh egg beaten in liquid beef extract, with a toasted cracker, is much better, when one can not be sure of the quality of liquid food. Malted foods injure by creating or adding to the interior ferment, which causes the mischief, and one had better get the soporific influence of malt liquors by taking a dose of hop tea. Alcoholic stimulants are safer than mait.

The stock prescriptions for going asleep are counting a flock of sheep, repeating poetry, saying the multiplication table or preaching a sermon, but I have for years been looking for any one who was ever sent to sleep by these means, and have failed to hear of one. The device which catches the tag end of one person's mind and furls it into close-reefed sleep will not do for any one else. I hesitate to mention my own prescription, which has secured sleep a thousand nights, to read a bright novel five or ten minutes on going to bed. Adull one

does not hold the mind But I can give an unfailing recipe for not going to sleep in case of people who use their brain during the day, and that is to spend an evening in those diversions so dear to people whose minds are not much called upon, word-making with shuffled letters, "authors' games"-save the markand "buried cities," tasks with which the juvenile mind delights to task fagged elders. There are many who share the repulsion for these tasks in name of pleasure with me, and find rest massacred by a round game of cards or a Chautauqua esson evenings more effectually than by a hard day's work in office hours. I had rather do a day's work in a day than to play at any of the popular amusements an evening. Light chat, good humored and diverting, is the only real rest for a tired mind, but this is an accomplishment not taught in children's magazines.

FOLLOW YOUR OWN BENT. The secret of rest, of health, of happiness and long life is to follow one's own bent under control of right principles. What injures is to be given up. But, this aside, men serve God and the world better by following their natural gifts and tastes than by any distorted life. The world has but half learned this, and to-day crowds more duties upon all who aspire to any social place. Women's clubs and societies squander time and effort to keep up a thousand petty organizations, each having hundreds of notification to be sent out, the annual fuse of elections and skirmishes over new members. The societies for small benevolences entail more work for willing members than ever begin to do good. The hunting up and sending off old newspapers and books, making benevolent scrap-books, bed-quilts and post-card autograph collections, wastes work and nerves for ends which by no

means recompense the wear and tear of

strength involved.

Imagine a busy woman, who never has a moment to herse f, confronted with the requests it is the pious fashion to send ont by the hundred—to save all her canceled postage stamps, being careful to cut each one exactly a quarter of an inch margin, for somebody who hopes to get into an old ladies' home in some mysterious way by their help, which means that somebody will take pity on the old woman and give her a stipend to get rid of the whole thing. Or some score or two excellent people one has never heard of take it into their heads to manifest interest by sending congratulatory notes with semi-religious poetry cut out or copied, pressed leaves from the Jordan which look like dead leaves from anywhere else, a Continental Bank bill from some ancestor. or a most uninteresting report of something remote, all which have to be acknowledged with a turn of polite phrase and due com-pliment, or you are set down, down, down in people's estimation, or wound somebody's feelings, which you had rather not do if they are amiable fools.

But the strain of these hundred grass-hoppers added to a daily burden which is all you can possibly stagger under is crushing. I have had this so ground into my own experience that for years, in writing to busy persons, the closing sentence has been, "No answer needed," and when some scrupulously polite public person feit obliged to send thanks, etc., I did not feel

complimented at all. Newspaper people are the only ones who know the value of time and nerves, and their courtesies are brief or taken for granted, and no one is the worse for it. The people with no interest in life, and little to do, may indulge these bevevolent ways of killing of time, but the moment one finds real work in the world, their pastime kills the person, too.

ONE FOOLISH EXAMPLE. The fashion of sending letters to members of the congregation on slight occasions. which of late years is so much the custom as to form part of a pastor's unwritten duty, must burden those busy men beyond endurance if their other work amounts to anything. Having to keep in mind the birthdays of all the children, to surprise them with notes of congratulation or telegrams, which have a remarkable consequence in some people's eyes, having to inquire for this young woman's spiritual indigestions and that young man's doubts, which would all disappear with a course of aperients, consulting Mrs. Magnate's ideas about the coming fizzle of the Ladies' Auxiliary, so that in course of a year no soul in the parish of two or three thousand may feel itself left out, is simply killing to any real susceptibility or interest whatever. It is impossible for any human being to feel live interest in any hundred people, and over that kindliness becomes mechanical. This letter-vending is poor work. At one of the Boston anniversaries last

spring one pastor out of place told unctuously how he had written three thousand letters of sympathy to persons in the South he had never seen, and seemed to think be had done a great deal of good by it. People commonly write to strangers very much as they put a penny in the slot, to see what they will get in return, not because they have any real wants to be met, and that man had simply diverted three thousand people who wanted nice things said to them to pass away time. He probably flattered himself that he was "working up an influence" in this way, and he was generally mistaken. People are grateful for such efforts to the extent of a phrase or two, sometimes going so far as to say, "Your kindness will be appreciated," which is a convenient non-

committal phrase. Thanks written and ink dry, they have put their money in, and feel even with you for any kind of service.

That poor man will toil over a few thousand letters more before he finds out what a very slight hold his kindness and slaving over his desk have given him, and when he is too tired out to feed sugary words any more his wasps will sting him to death. You see people working in all sorts of ways to gain an influence. Now, the shortest and easiest way to do that is unmitigated

ality than influence, even in this world, to to consult your own needs and standard of duty rather than try to suit a thousand other people, or pretend to. Pretending is very hard work save for natures which are spawn of the Old Serpent, and somehow people find them out by the hiss, the rattle or the sting. It is easier to be sincere, and

she never wastes herself unnecessarily. She had laid out her life for having the good of it, and refuses to assume any responsibility which will interfere with it. She knows how to take hold of worries by the handle, not the poker, end. She is a very efficient business woman, but business done she leaves lesser daties to those whose work it is. She will not make her own bed or hang up her own gowns, for she pays some one else to save her these miner exer-

She takes time for punctilious toilet, and to see her come to you as fresh as the morning, sweet as bath and violet powder, well washed and coiffed hair and a becoming gown can make her, is reviving as the fragrance of a newly opened rose. She works hard and she rests well, amuses herself to her taste evenings, and sleeps soundly. She has had heavy losses, but bears them well, and recoups herself admirably by simply taking the best personal care of herself; and a bright brain repays her by good spirits, which are a delight to all about her; clear sense, which prompts the right word and action, and poise which it is not easy for circumstances to disturb.

Men and women both like her, she is so sound and sweet, and not afraid to speak

the most unwelcome truths when necessary. Speaking the truth is an accomplishment with her-she says it so fully, and yet without ill-natured sting; you get the good of it, and yet your feelings are saved all that is possible. You know people put salt with rose leaves

SHIRLEY DARK, to keep the scent.

IMPERIAL GERMAN DINNERS, Much Finer Affairs Nowadays than They Used to Be.

New York Sun. A dinner in the new palace at Potedam, near Berlin, is a much grander affair than it was under the more recent predecessors of Emperor William II. The person honored with an invitation receives a great vellum card, carrying the united coat of arms of the Emperor and the Empress. The wording of the invitation is:

At the supreme command of their Imperial and Royal Majesties, the Head Court and House Marshal has the honor to invite — to dinner, on —, at 7 o'clock, in the new palace at Pots-

On the reverse side are several directions as to the dress of the guests. Military men are ordered to appear in undress uniform, and civilians in knee breeches and shoes, dress coats and white cravats. Guests who are to arrive by train are informed that carriages will meet them at the Wildpark station. A small time-table of trains returning to Berlin after the train is also

The gorgeousness of a great dinner in the new palace has been described pretty fully by German snobs who worship this splendor and German radicals, who find in it a reproach to "the workingmen's Emperor."
The details of dinners at which only the nearer acquaintances of the imperial and royal pair are present are, however, comparatively unknown. The number of guests at a great dinner is usually about sixty or sixty-five. The dinner consists of some ten courses and is served in a few minutes less than an hour. There is one servant for every two persons at the table.

The dishes are prepared in the imperial and royal kitchens at some distance from

and royal kitchens at some distance from the palace and are transported thence on a little underground railway, with its terminus near the dining-room. The principal dishes are served on silver platters, the others on china of the royal Berlin manufacture. The crystal wine glasses have broad gold bands and bear the combined monograms of the Emperor and Empress. The quality of the wines at the imperial table is the best to be had in 'heimers and 'hergers and inferior to few in imported bergers, and inferior to few in imported brands. German champagne is drunk only with the soup; otherwise French champagne is served. The table is decorated with huge masses

of flowers, mostly roses, which are the Empress's favorite flower. Before every cover there is a small bunch of roses in a glass. The room is lighted exclusively by wax candles in silver candleabra. At every place there lie a menu and a musical programme. Both are on white vellum, are ornamated with the united coats of arms of the Emperor and Empress, and bear only German type. Not a single foreign word appears on the bill of fare. At the top are the words "Imperial Dinner." The musical programme contains between twentyfive and thirty numbers, mostly by the Emperor's favorite composers. Wagner, Delibes, Meyerbeer, Weber, Sullivan, as well as a few military pieces. After dinner the en-tertainers entertain with conversation, but only a chosen few participate in it. The court marshal and chamberlains usually learn in advance whose society is desired by the imperial couple during the evening. and these persons are escorted to the spot where the Emperor and Empress await

In Potsdam such a dinner as the one described is usually given in the Jasper Gallery, and coffee is served in the shell salon.

The music is played in the garden.

The Summer's Queen. I chant the praises of the regal June, Fair Queen of all the Twelve months' circling Hands full of roses, and sweet lips in tune

To all the mirth and music of the year. How gay and glad you are, fair Lady mine! How proud of conquered world and lavish sun, And air that sparkles like celestial wine, And laughing streams that frolic as they run!

You sow the fields with lilies-wake the choir Of summer birds to chorus of delight; Yours is the year's deep rapture—yours the fire That burns the West, and ushers in the night—

The short, sweet night-that almost can deceive, So bright its moon, the birds to sing again, And fit their morning carols to the eve, And wake the midnight with the noontide's

O June, fair Queen of sunshine and of flowers, The affluent year will hold you not again-Once, only once, can Youth and Love be ours, And after them the autumn and the rain. -Louise Chandler Mouston, in the Independent. Alone.

My life puts forth to sea alone; The skies are dark above, All round I hear the gray waters moan-Alas for vanished love! "O lonely life that presseth on

Across these waters of years. Where are the guiding pilots gone— Whose is the hand that steers?"

The pilots they are left behind Upon you golden strand; We drift before the driving wind: We cannot miss the land-

That land to which we hurry on,
Across the angry years;
Hope being dead, and sweet Love gone, There is no hand that steers. -Philip Bourke Marston.

Night. Come with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of Come with thy calm. Adown the shallow day, Whose splendors hid the vaster world away, wandered on this little plot of light, dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright, Whether the gold-shower roofed me or the

I strove and fretted at life's feverish play, and dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.

But now the gateway of the all unbars: The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,
The grants of this petty world, disband;
On the great threshold of the night I stand, Once more a soul self-cognizant and still, mong the wheeling multitude of stars.

-Archibald Lampman. Hanged Mr. Beecher's Statue.

New York Advertiser. A large and highly-amused crowd sat on the steps of the Brooklyn City Hall yester-day and watched the workmen put the bronze statue of Henry Ward Beecher in place on the polished granite pedestal. What amused the crowd was the way it was done. A derrick was placed close to the pedestal, and a rope was tied around the neck of the bronge figure, which was covered with tarpaulin. It was then slowly hoisted into position. The rope around the neck gave the impression of a man being hanged when it was about half way up, and the spectators laughed in great glee. There was the black cap and all formed by the halter. When the statue was put in position it presented a most ludicrous appearance. It looked squatty, with the canvas sticking out wide at the sides and the short legs tied around with ropes. Beecher, lying, being a fraud in every phrase and reiation in life.

But it is vastly better to have individudees not seem to do him justice. The statue will be unveiled on June 24, the seventyeighth anniversary of the great preacher's

A Bad Failure,

birth.

Puck. Bankrupt (to his wife) - Well, it's no use! I'm ruined

This talk about going to sleep by force of will power is poppycock, as one knows who has tried it night after night to the verge for a long time is one of the frankest, and isn't much of that left."

His Wife—Is it so bad as that?

"Yes; all is gone but honor, and there isn't much of that left."

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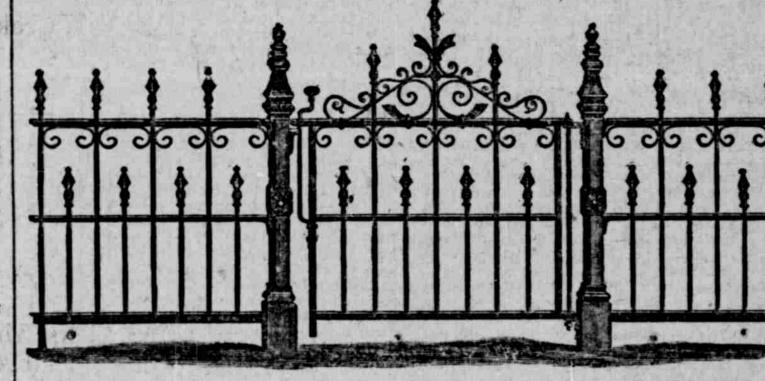
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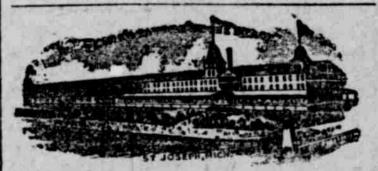
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